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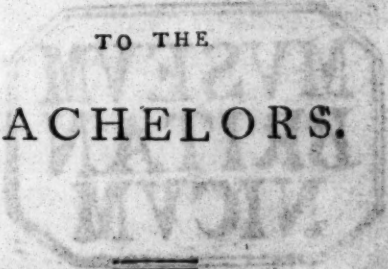
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ADDRESS

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TO THE

BACHELORS.



PRICE SIXPENCE.

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AN
ADDRESS
TO THE
BACHELORS.

BY A BIRD AT BROMSGROVE.

ROUSE, *Ridicule*, I know thy plea,
But heed thee not, thou faucy flea.
Applause, thou childish rattle, hush!
I loathe thee—thou hast made me blush.
Truth, hold me up to public view,
On thy fore finger, 'twixt the two.
Now, Ladies, for one cheering word,
Look up, and say, 'sweet singing BIRD;
'The angry BACHELOR will scowl,
'No wonder if he calls thee owl!'
While Truth, who holds all clamour vain,
Bears witness it's a chatt'ring CRANE.

BIRMINGHAM:
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BOOKSELLERS.

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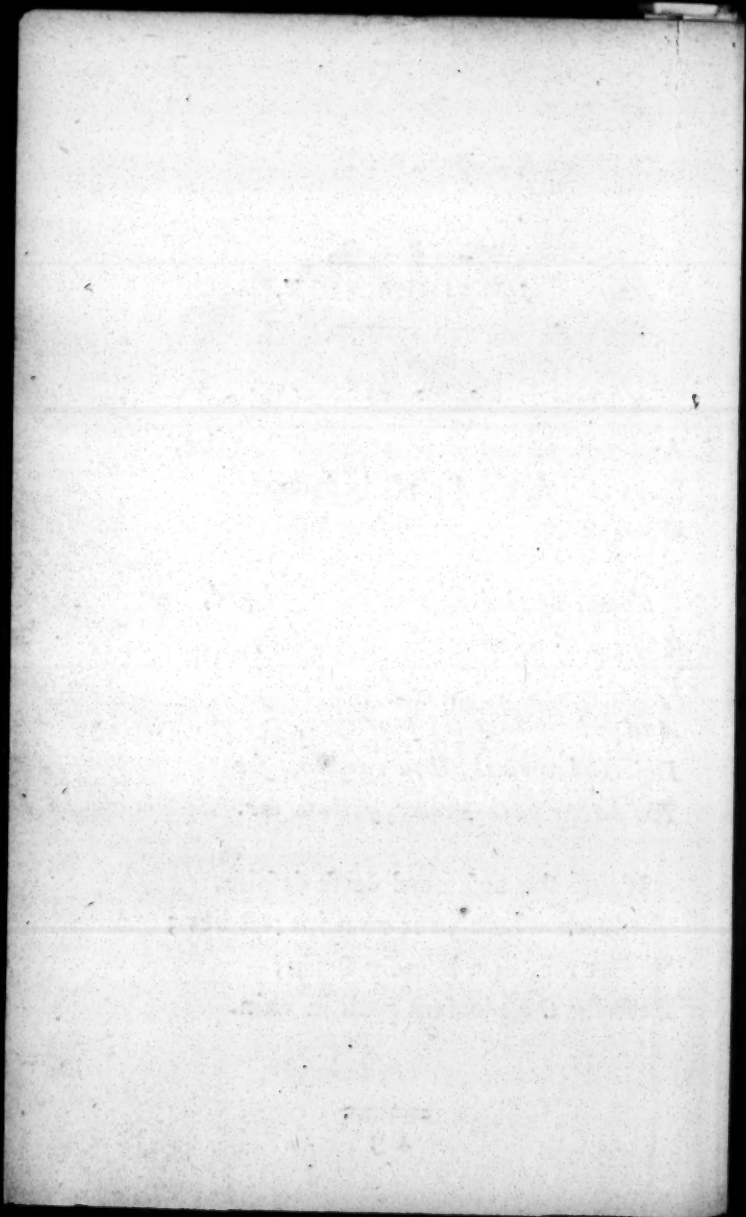


INTRODUCTION.

A MAN convinc'd of his mistake,
And well inform'd what course to take,
Soon as the friendly act is done,
Good news will surely spur him on.

*Come, Bachelor, give me thy hand,
Thy course is on the barren sand;
Vexatious clouds of dust arise,
And so bewilder thy poor eyes,
Dejected wretch, thou canst not see
The happy path—come, follow me.*

If you the aukward verse despise,
Yet learn where your own int'rest lies ;
Nor let me, in a homely strain,
Describe the pleasant path in vain.





ADDRESS.

WHEN earth was call'd to being first,
ADAM, created out of dust,
His rib took reeking from his side,
Refin'd, and made a blooming bride;
This loving couple, hand in hand,
Stood and receiv'd the first command—
In fact, the matrimonial tie,
Go, said their Maker, Multiply.
A flowing verse of loving words,
Only a feeble hint affords,
What tender parents' feelings are,
None know except the happy pair !

Their duteous hearts are interwove,
 And all their words are oil'd with love.
 Man's panting heart beats—woman come,
 When in his bosom she's at home,
 By his own fire, without debate,
 The happy husband takes his seat;
 Joy sparkles in his partner's eyes,
 On each knee sit two smiling boys,
 Whose every feature, every make,
 Say DAD, as plain as tongue can speak;
 And on their cheeks expanding glows
 The lily blended with the rose;
 Smile answers smile, and all their joys,
 Thoughts, words, and actions harmonize.
 If there's an earthly feat of bliss,
 Without a stammer here it is;
 When business forces him to roam,
 Attraction sweetly draws him home.
 In dress he still unrivall'd stands,
 Smooth folded by his partner's hands.
 The snow-white linen husbands wear
 Proclaims the decent housewife's care;

His rosy cheeks, his double chin,
 Are signs hung out by Peace within:
 Joys, real joys, from marriage flow,
 That bachelors can never know.
 I made a visit once to one,
 What life he led you'll know anon.
 Two rooms he occupy'd, no more,
 Walk in? said he, and turn'd the door.
 The rusty hinges jarr'd the while,
 And, as I enter'd, scream'd for oil.
 Observe, said he, Peace dwells within,
 No squalling brats to make a din!
 To trundle mops, and flourish brooms,
 Here noisy woman never comes!
 Here lies within my reach to use,
 Old bags, old iron, boots and shoes.
 Beneath my stairs, in this snug hole,
 I keep my victuals, drink, and coal;
 This wooden bottle is my seat,
 And at that barrel sit to meat;
 Up, see my bed room, there I lie,
 Your room or kennel, which? thought I.

The spiders liv'd a happy life,
 Safe from that meddling thing—a wife;
 Grateful because he did not wed,
 Were weaving curtains round his bed;
 Had hung the walls with quick dispatch,
 And spun fine window blinds to match.
 I know not how the floor was laid,
 But will know when I take a spade,
 He was, the evidence was plain,
 Both tup-maid, cook, and chamberlain.
 Ah wretch, thought I, is this your life?
 Joyous I caper'd to my wife.

Ye barren, and inactive brood,
 Ye Bachelors are blocks of wood;
 Behind Love's fire, through life, ye dream,
 But never kindle to a flame.
 What hateful notions can induce
 You bachelors, thus to refuse
 Creation's prime, the sweetest sweet,
 Where love, and joy, and duty meet.
 Excuses in their native drefs,
 Will serve to shew their fillinefs.

I would be married in a whiff,
 Says one; aye, says another, *if*—
 I, if 'twas later in the day;
 I, if some friend would lead the way;
 I, if I could increase my wealth;
 I, if a wife would board herself;
 I, if my parents both were dead;
 I, if it would not grieve my maid;
 I, if all friends were reconcil'd;
 I, if a wife would bear no child;
 I, if a wife would never scold;
 I, if I was not quite too old.
 Suppose the day is fix'd—what then?
 If puts it off, and off again;
 Their *if's* and *off's* are tax'd in vain,
 The ill us'd fair-ones still complain.
 But rocks relief will sooner grant,
 Rocks kindly echo back complaint;
 But he no sympathy affords,
 No melting sighs, no soothing words
 He never rolls a merry eye,
 To meet a maid that's drawing nigh.

Courtship mute, the *if repeater*,
 Peeps beneath his eye brows at her;
 Or counts the buttons of his coat,
 'Till he can tell them all by rote;
 His fears, it truly may be said,
 Stand sentry o'er his maidenhead;
 His whole life is a long mishap,
 And when he dies he leaves a gap.
 His walks are never dignified
 By lovely woman at his side;
 On him no family depends,
 Nor beauteous girl his step attends;
 Aside his path in summer hours,
 No little hands pluck off the flow'rs;
 With hats upheld, no rosy boys,
 Around him chase the butterflies,
 Or lisp beneath the thorny tree,
 ' A blackberry for me, and me.'
 From him no tender branches shoot,
 His arms bear no such lovely fruit;
 He in example takes no lead,
 Nor points where little feet should tread;

Has not a father's heart, nor knows
 Its ecstacies, nor how it glows.
 Flesh of thy flesh, bone of thy bone,
 Thee and thy wife would be but one,
 Closely tied by law and nature,
 A bachelor's but half a creature;
 Though he's call'd a man in common,
 Who can prove he's not a woman?
 If thy old shatter'd frame has one
 String left, for love to harp upon,
 One tender passion left to move,
 O listen to the voice of Love!
 A wife—the word alone has charms,
 Hug the whole meaning in thy arms.
 Go, go! I say, and win the maid,
 Ere her neglected beauties fade.
 Hold! thinks my reader, not too hot,
 Why are the widowers forgot?
 The sun can never shoot a ray,
 But sets them busy making hay.
 The British tar, whose hardy soul
 Stood firm, when thunder shook the pole,

Whose sword sent Frenchmen by the score,
 With lopp'd-off limbs, in at death's door!
 For whom Death aim'd ten thousand gapes,
 And his ten thousand hairbreadth 'scapes,
 In port, when fancy, in a dream,
 At proud Monsieur is taking aim,
 'Wakes, strikes the bed-post in a rage,
 Once more determin'd to engage;
 And bravely makes a mock at fear,
 So does the blooming widower.
 The sportsman wont to hail the morn,
 On mettled steed, with hounds and horn,
 Ere thought or fight had cross'd the fields,
 His courser spurn'd them at his heels;
 Flew every fence, and left the wind,
 That whistled in his ears, behind:
 In youth, when no one could outstrip,
 Now old, delights to smack the whip.
 With widowers, its even so,
 They will *without an order* go;
 The world taught by experience knows,
 Which way the widows are dispos'd.

The Maids, poor things, are not to blame,
 Grown tir'd of their old fashion'd name,
 Would trip to church in merry cue,
 To leave the old, and take the new;
 Held to a *Spark*, the match would light,
 And only wait for Mr. *Right*.
 Now, Bachelor—a word with thee!
 How dost thou know but thou art he?
 Methinks I hear thee wish 'twas so,
 Enquire, or thou wilt never know;
 Cock up thy eyes, look strait before,
 Nor wear slouch'd eyebrows any more.
 If thou wilt throw thy fears aside,
 And really seek out for a bride,
 Some hints for thy immediate use,
 Most willingly I introduce:—
 When seated by thy fav'rite fair,
 Snug in a corner—chair to chair,
 Sense ought to have the whole command,
 And Decency go hand in hand;
 A glowing heart should help the tongue,
 To roll the loving words along;

Thy eyes, thy countenance, must plead,
 (O sweet employ to win a maid!)
 The first and second interview,
 'Tis wise to take a nut, or two,
 To help thy tongue out at a fault,
 And crack one, should it make an halt.
 Say, ' Will you taste a kernel, love?'
 And if she does the gift approve,
 Creep nearer, yes, and nearer still,
 Until you chirrup, bill to bill.
 Before the whole is brought about,
 Her temper claims a sharp look out:
 That fair one cannot fail to please,
 Who smiles on rainy washing days.
 A farther proof you may acquire,
 Between the clothes-horse and the fire;
 Stand there in peace, Sir, if you can,
 Conclude you are the happy man.
 Join hands, and live in honey row,
 Sweet partnership, thyself and co.
 Its natural men should be tied,
 For if we view the darkest side,

And say, that woman wears a tongue,
 At least above one half too long,
 Well arm'd with keen sharp pointed words,
 For their defence, as men use swords,
 And in it such unwearied power,
 It never keeps an idle hour;
 And that no shadow of an hope,
 Is harbour'd how to make it stop;
 Lest it should too much annoy us,
 Let us turn it *honey bias*!
 And then the plague is overcome,
 (In every state of life there's some.)
 My old advice I will repeat,
 And say 'tis best to marry yet.

The husband of a scolding wife,
 One that preferr'd a quiet life,
 When his Love began to chatter,
 Threw his ready rhino at her;
 Enraptur'd by the shining gold,
 She caught the prizes as they roll'd;
 Lost all her anger in her haste,
 And screw'd him up a smiling face.

With guineas he had pav'd the road,
 And banish'd strife from his abode!
 And thinking peace not dearly bought,
 He threw the key—a lucky thought!
 With pleasure, hoping not to part,
 Snug in her bosom, near her heart,
 She instantly the key convey'd
 Then gave his cheek a pat, and said,
 ' I was not mistress, Love, before,
 ' Now I am keeper of thy store,
 ' My tongue shall never tease thee more.' }
 Blend thy authority with love,
 And it will always sweetly move;
 I'll found it in thy fav'rite key,
 Or force it to keep holiday;
 And daily add unto the heap,
 Nor buy a gown—but wond'rous cheap.
 And ever after charm'd his ear,
 With no, sweet Love, and, yes, my Dear!
 Grey hair'd, he wish'd, bless'd with his wife,
 A long lease of a second life.

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Marry, and date your joys from thence,
 'Tis then your happy days commence.
 For you the merry bells shall ring,
 For you shall warble as they swing;
 The air shall waft the pleasing sound
 To every ear, for miles around;
 Each steady pull the ringers take,
 Shall make the sturdy tower shake;
 The steeple top in agitation,
 Will give a nod of approbation.--
 On Sunday next, when you appear,
 From twenty mouths stretch, you'll hear
 A wife proclaim'd, a fruitful vine,
 While in harmonious strains they join;
 While they sing happy thou shalt be,
 You'll think, aye, aye, its happy me!
 Your honey moon will always shine,
 Sweet babes around your neck entwine;
 Your matrimonial band will play,
 Your heart, for joy, leap all the way;
 In spreading Nature's book, enroll'd
 Thy name will shine, like Polish'd gold;

The future part of life will prove,
A life best spent—is spent in love.

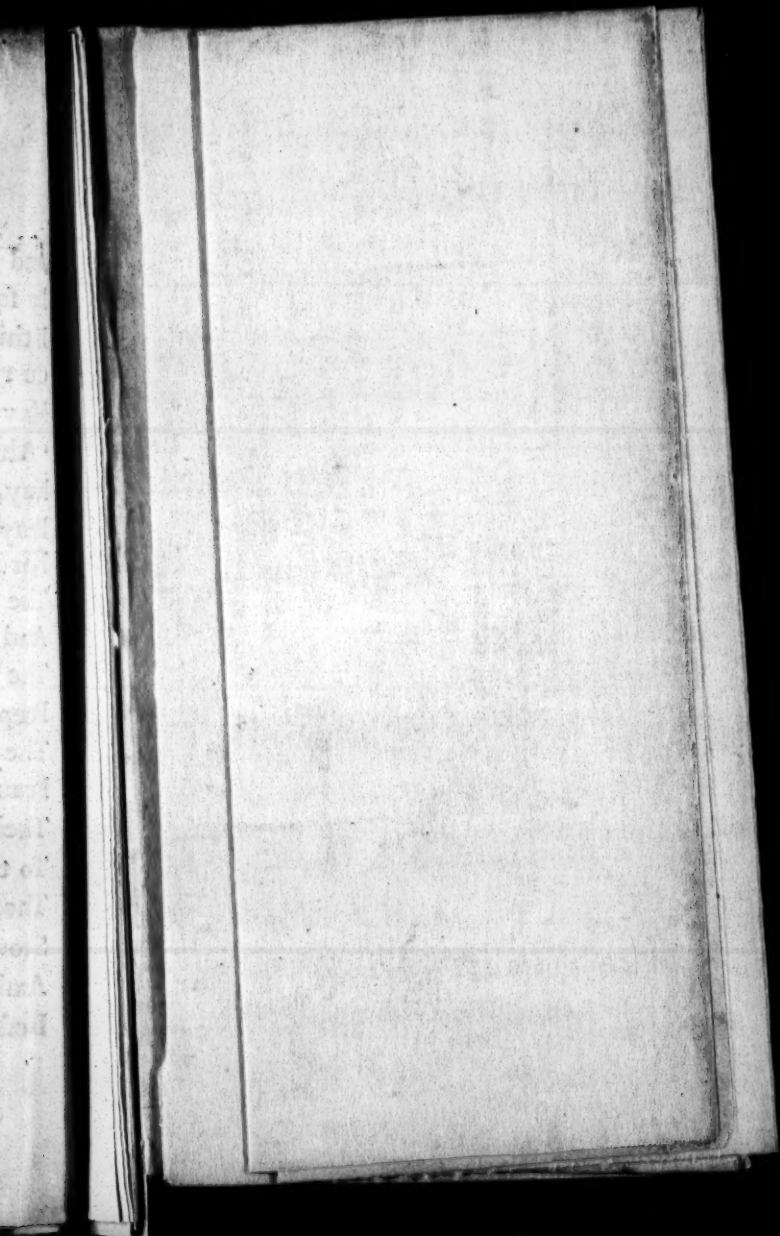
Have one more peep before ye go,
Why, this was printed, read, and know :
A friend, say, was it right or wrong,
Stole it, and spreads it with his tongue ?
My first thought did not care a pin,
The second proudly strutting in,
Declar'd the chicken was my own,
And that the father should be known.
In simple nature's homely dress,
He boldly flutters from the press ;
Makes love to *knowing* winks and sneers,
If this word FOOL, rings in his ears ;
He struts, delighted with a name
To which no other lays a claim.
A TITLE, quietly possess, *you*
Base Envy snarls at all the rest.
There are some fools as soft as I,
And many signs to know them by ;
Those own their knowledge in pretence,
Who show it in without expence ;

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And gather it by thievish looks,
 By squinting into borrow'd books.
 If this is borrow'd, take thy due,
 CUTE READER thou art full in view ;
 May not the lender truly say,
 ' Ah, wretch, how soft you look to day !'
 Nay, don't you kick the while I joke,
 Pray do forgive this little stroke ;
 Nor loathe it as a mouldy crum,
 The owner rolls it round his gum, }
 And sucks it like a sugar plumb. }
 The friendly glow-worm's tiny spark
 Peeps forth, and cheers us in the dark ;
 The sun in May darts cheering rays,
 Beaus add a lustre to the blaze :
 Their flashy buttons glance a light,
 To twinkling neighbours opposite ;
 Those that have any light to spare,
 Should let their neighbours have a share.
 Amidst the rays of love I stand,
 Bless'd with my rosy, prattling band ;

Their sparkling glances I reflect,
 And spread the light in pure respect :
 If Bachelors continue shy,
 The fault is not in little I !
 For I have told them to engage
 To face, bold as a title page ;
 Told them where hearts-ease is in bloom,
 Inform'd them how to gather some ;
 They are, and will be still, I fear,
 Like this rhyme, always in the rear.







You stare, my Friends! and well you may,
You don't see Churches every Day
Built without Timber, Stone, or Lime,
From Top to Bottom, all with Rhime.
Like Argument, Word after Word,
And neither Axe nor Hammer heard.

I
To
& mean
To gain
One more Friend,
That will spend
His MONEY free,
And deal with me:
Fancy form'd the Scheme,

Custom had nothing here to do,
The Method is entirely new—
This lofty Steeple was quite done,
Before the Tower was begun,
And when the bottom Course was laid,
The whole was built and Charges paid.

At this to make my Verse,
Sink deep into your Purse;
If your GUINEAS Face to Face,
Fretting are, for want of Space,
In Pity set the Pris'ners free,
And leave a few of them with me
Yellow-boys properly suit my wants;
If your's are all white Inhabitants,
Half-crowns or Shillings—Sixpences will do;
Indeed I long to finger one or two.
If your's are but Half-pence, I. CRANE, at the Top,
Sits there—and invites you to come to his Shop.
Since the Envy of Foes, and the Favours of Friends,
Are most luckily blended to answer my Ends.
Thank you, my Friends, for the hurrying Times I have seen.
And you my Foes too, for all the spare Minutes between.
When Good-will leads you to my Shop, then I will use you well,
My GOODS I wish you all to want—because—I want to sell.



I do not write to gain applause,
Believe me, there's a better Cause.
Good Madam, or dear Sir, I hope
You'll buy a Trifle at my Shop;
Here's something that you want, no doubt,
Walk in, and lay your Money out;
I'll use you well for my own Ends,
As well as to oblige my Friends;
Not as the ill-bred Barber does,
Who often takes you by the Nose.
Here's Watches, Trinkets, Chains and Strings,
Neat Children's Clasps, and Wedding Rings;
Come buy a Ring and live mouth-meet,
A single Life's not half so sweet;
Two join'd in Wedlock's Bands, amount
To only one, in Love's Account;
Good Children and a loving Wife,
Are Gifts bestow'd to sweeten Life;
The bitters all aside are thrown,
For Bachelors to feed upon.
Hat-pins, and Slides for Ladies Hair,
And Nutcracks, please to buy a Pair;
That Person earns a Kernel well,
Who splits a Tooth to crack a Shell.
Clocks, with good enamel'd Faces,
Nearly fitted up in Cases;
To measure Minutes as they fly,
Time finds their Hands all full employ;
The rolling Orbs around us shine
In matchless Splendor, measure Time;
Attraction circumscribes their Bounds,
While Order regulates their Rounds.
A useful Lesson this to us,
May Order regulate our Course;
Averse to all unsocial Jars,
Then we shall glitter like the Stars.
Larums—this Sort are often still—
They chatter only when you will.
Good Money Balances, and Scales,
And well adjusted Scales and Weights;
Often adjust your own Affairs,
The Beam may kick up unawares—
Large Families, when Loaves are small,
Can swallow Profit, Stock and all;
Large Joints of Meat wear to the Bone,
Tapt Barrels soon begin to groan;
Pale Messengers within the Cup,
Give Notice it's the farewell Sup.

Well, if it is, it's no misap,
While there's another left to tap.
Combs, Shuttlecocks, and Battledores,
Fleames, polish'd Steel and Plated Spurs.
A Man looks mean that rides without,
It's one continued Thumping Bout;
His busy Heels the while he rides,
Beat Time against the Horse's Sides.
Metal engrav'd, and silver'd Plates;
Neat Coffin Furniture in Sets;
Flow'r Pots and Angels, to attend
The decent Fun'ral of a Friend.
How short the Time Man has to stay?
He should be mending every Day.
Umbrellas, Totums, Cabbage Boards,
Stout Catgut, Clock and Larum Cords;
Hempen Cords I never sell—
I love my Customers too well.
Sugar Knippers, Pencil Cases,
Microscopes, and Prospect Glasses;
Through these at distant Worlds we gaze,
Bold Fancy starts back in Amaze;
Pauses, and with profound Respect
Adores the wond'rous Architect.
Spectacles, that Age applies
Across the Nose, to save the Eyes.
Tooth-picks, Brushes, Bodkins, Tweezers,
Snuffers, Snuffer-pans, and Scissors.
And to oblige my learned Friends,
I keep a Stock of Silver Pens.
Poor Geese, they suffer many ills,
A Writer wrongs them of their Quills;
He cuts one here, and there, and then
He makes a Nip, and it's a Pen;
Dear Friends leave off this cruel Trade,
My Silver Pens are ready made.
Wafers, Seals, and Sealing Wax,
Sleeve Buttons, Studs, and Razor Straps;
Inkhorns, and Screws to draw your Corks,
Case Knives, and Carving Knives and Forks,
From common to the very best,
All fit for Action at a Feast;
This Counsel swallow with your Meat,
Do, earn it, Friend, before you eat.
The lucky Man who found it out,
The Way to chuck it down his Throat,
Found Employ to entertain us,
Suitable for every Genus.

Dress has different Modes to follow,
Eating's still to gape and swallow.
Best Printing Ink, and Letter Frame
For marking Linen, with your Name;
Mark what you would with safety use,
Leave unmark'd what you wish to lose.
Buckles of every Sort and Size,
Childrens fine Bone and Ivory Toys;
Shut Knives with Silver Blades, for Fruits,
Box Fifes, Jews Harps, and German Flutes;
How pleasing 'tis to see a Band,
Around in proper Order Stand,
Their busy Fingers nimbly play
O'er every Hole, and String, and Key;
A Man that takes an active Part,
Blows till his Eyes are ripe to start;
If Cheeks full bloated hide his Nose,
Reason informs us where it grows.
Razors, Shaving Boxes, Brushes,
Brazen Guineas, empty Purse;
Man's Spirits daily ebbs and flows,
Just as his Money comes and goes.
Whitechapel Needles, Fishing Hooks,
Etwees, Morocco Pocket Books.
Smelling Bottles, Bottle Cases,
Pencils, Pocket Looking Glasses.
Man peeps into a Looking Glass,
But who can see an honest Face?
A hundred Folks, besides I. CRANE,
Have stretch'd their Necks to peep in vain.
Pap Spoons, Corals, Spoons, and Caddies,
Tongs and Thimbles for the Ladies;
Rings for their Ears, both set and plain,
Smart Boxes for the Gentlemen;
And Instruments to measure Land,
Labels for Bottles, Bottle Stands.
Neat Cyphers cut on Seals and Whips,
Stout Oak and Hazle Walking Sticks;
And many curious Trinkets here,
From petrifactive Derbyshire.
Canes, Silver Plate, and Mourning Rings,
Variety of Fancy Things,
Laid in as Fashion gives the Hint,
Too tedious to appear in Print.
What Goods are specify'd above,
Will be exchange'd, if not approv'd;
Seek the Rapper—please to use it,
Rap—Rap—I'll answer to the Music!